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Life and Light for Woman

July

1897

ROYALTY.

BY MRS. MARY E. ALLBRIGHT.

They live in cabins and castle halls,
In homespun, and robes of state;
It may be, guarded by prison walls,
Or feasted by rich and great;
But whether scorned or of fair renown,
Each wears, invisible, a crown.

They wander wide over every land,—
On continent, isle, and sea;
Some wear the mark of slavery's brand,
And some are glad and free;
No matter what is their fortune now,
For the seal of a King is on their brow.

They speak the language of many a shore;
They differ in form and hue;
But they think the thoughts of a hidden lore
Revealed to the royal few;
And the time shall come when from every land
They shall talk together, and understand.

For the power to love is the right to reign;
And the Christlike alone are great;
And none but the heirs of God attain
To the court of the Infinite.
They only are of a noble birth,—
The aristocracy of the earth!



MICRONESIA. A VOYAGE OF THE MORNING STAR.

BY MRS. SARAH L. GARLAND.

AFTER all the bustle and stir of the last days in Honolulu, the monotonous quiet of sea life, during the first few weeks of a voyage on the *Morning Star*, comes as a restful change to her passengers. Day after day, with a favoring wind, we bear steadily toward the southwest, under soft tropical skies, over waters of marvelous blue. Sometimes we are all together on deck, silent, with idle hands, simply resting, as we watch the sailors about their work, or catch glimpses of ocean life,—porpoises playing about the ship, a whale spouting in the distance, or a school of flying fish, their gleaming shapes shooting like silver arrows from one wave to the crest of the next, as the ship startles the little company. At one time we busy ourselves with needle and book in the cabin; again, we separate, some to nap, some to read, some to write, in the shade of a sail.

After our five o'clock supper we walk or sit upon deck, to watch the sudden fall of the tropic night, and the shining out of the stars in constellations unfamiliar to Northern eyes. Evening is the pleasantest part of the day, on a Southern voyage, and we find endless diversion in tracing out imaginary cloud figures in the gorgeous sunset masses.

At six bells (seven o'clock) the passengers and many of the ship's company come together in the cabin for evening worship, conducted by the captain, and the little gathering often represents many corners of the world, English, Scotch, American, Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, and South Sea Islanders.

As the ship draws nearer the equator the heat becomes more oppressive, the breeze lighter, and at last we strike the "doldrums," the region of calms. How one's heart sinks to wake in the small hours to hear the flapping of sails, the creaking of the booms, the dreary groan and rattle of the cordage, which betoken a calm, while the ship rolls over in the trough of the sea, then with a mighty lurch recovers herself, to roll as far in the opposite direction! We spend a spiritless day in the cabin, under the vertical rays of the sun, rocking and rolling; then, indeed, the throbbing of the engine is a joyful sound, and we call down blessings upon the children who gave us steam.

Our first "Land ho!" two and a half weeks from Honolulu, marks a red-letter day in the voyage. A faint, far line, like a cloud on the horizon, resolves itself, as we draw nearer, into a long, low strip of land, with its fringe of cocoanuts and white stretch of sandy beach, the breakers rolling

up over the reef; here and there can be discerned through the glass a tiny cluster of low, thatched, native huts. At last we descry figures gathering on the beach; a canoe is run out,—another and another can be seen making toward us, the natives, three or four in each, making them skim and dip gracefully along as they handle the paddles with easy skill.

And now, with furled sails, we steam slowly through the narrow, treacherous passage, across the wide lagoon, past rocks and shoals. At a word



MORNING STAR.

from the captain the anchor rattles down over the side; the whistle sounds loud and long in greeting. The sun beats down hot and direct, but we forget all discomfort in the loveliness of the shaded water all about us, the exquisite tints over the shelving coral beds away in shore, changing into the vivid blue in which we lie.

The great awning is quickly stretched, and soon a laughing, jabbering crowd of dusky natives, in their scanty costume, come clambering up over our ship's rail from their canoes, to trade off mats, shells in rudely woven

cocoanut leaf baskets, and other like wares. They peer and pry, with endless curiosity and noisy mirth, while the chickens, brought from shore to replenish our larder, add to the din with their crowing.

At last our visitors are sent ashore, and we may enjoy a quiet evening on deck. One by one the twinkling lights shine out from the fishing canoes all along the reef, so thickly that we might imagine ourselves transported to the harbor of some flourishing city. We listen drowsily to the quiet lapping of the water against the sides of the ship, and remember joyfully that the first stage of our voyage is ended.

But if we are to make a ten months' voyage in a few pages, we must "scorch" a little, to use the phraseology of the day. Touching at each of the Gilbert Islands, where a Hawaiian teacher is located, to leave his yearly supplies and mail, on we go to Kusaie, far in the west,—beautiful Kusaie,—its deeply serrated hills clothed from base to summit with a rich, green garment; such a marvelous contrast to the low, narrow strips of coral land which we have left behind us. On this lovely island the missionaries eagerly await our coming with the yearly news from home, the yearly stores, some of which they sorely need, and the fresh help, for which they so often look in vain. A week at Kusaie, and on we sail, seven hundred miles still farther west, to carry help and cheer to the lonely missionaries at Ruk. The stores all landed, good-by again to Ruk, and away for Kusaie!

You will remember that at Kusaie are stationed the training schools for the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, and that, with Kusaie for a starting point, a yearly tour of about eight weeks is made through each group in turn, thus giving the missionary in charge of the work in each group opportunity to visit all the native schools and churches, and find new pupils, and allowing the scholars from the Kusaie schools to revisit their friends. So, as I am giving you simply glimpses of life on the *Morning Star*, let us look at her on one of these island tours.

A curious sight she presents now,—the veritable missionary packet. The stern railing is adorned with a fringe of taro hanging across it in large bunches. The after deck bears a great pile of sugar cane, fifteen feet long, and bamboo poles, which the boys are taking home to give their friends. In between decks close-hung bunches of bananas form a green wall, swaying with the motion of the vessel. From the long, two-story chicken coop at the stern come squawkings and flutterings as Ah Sing, our Chinese cook, selects his victims for dinner.

Our passenger list numbers now more than seventy, and as we pass along the deck the boys and girls seem to be everywhere. The ship is lively enough in the cool of the day, the boys climbing the rigging, hauling ropes,

and playing ring toss, the girls jumping rope or singing in little groups. Our cabin is crowded now to its utmost capacity at evening worship. In many of the lagoons anchorage is a mile or more from shore, and the ship's large boats are kept busy with trips to the mission station, carrying often sixty or seventy passengers. Meetings are held, churches and schools examined, books distributed, medicines dispensed, and the native teachers cheered and encouraged in the day or two spent at each island.

On we go: now with a fair wind that sends us gently on our course with every sail filled; now beating wearily with the wind dead ahead, or blowing from all directions in turn except the direction from which we long to see



A PATH IN THE WOODS ON KUSAIE.

it. Sometimes the night is heavenly, and we sit and watch the quivering, scintillating track of the moonlight across the water, and reflect on the poetry of sailing; but again, as we find ourselves in the hot cabin with closed ports, while squall follows squall in quick succession, and little streams meander about our feet, we long to be on *terra firma*.

One day there is a ripple of excitement over a double wedding on our ship home, when just at sunset Boari and Katua, Tibwere and Bereti, stand on deck, with the "stars and stripes" floating above them, and promise to love and help each other as they go out from the school homes to teach their own people of the love of Christ. Again, a little one is taken from its

mother's arms by the Good Shepherd, and we prepare the baby's body for its resting-place in God's acre at Kusaie. Another little life makes its first acquaintance with the world while we are at sea, and the happy mother christens her baby boy "Morning Star."

Our tours ended and the ship once more anchored in the quiet harbor at Kusaie, preparations are made for the homeward voyage. The great tanks must be refilled with fresh water from the river, cords upon cords of firewood stowed in the hold for ballast, the ship dressed in her best sails, in readiness for gales; while the missionaries on shore are hurriedly finishing last letters and penning last orders for the coming year's needs. When, at last, the good-byes all said, we steam away, the island looks very lovely as it fades into the distance, and we bear in our hearts the little group of missionaries who, by our going, are again so cut off from communication with the civilized world.

Once more we anchor at Ruk, to call for the last mail, and then, with the Godspeed of the missionaries following us, we are homeward bound. Our home port, Honolulu, lies twenty-five hundred miles to the northeast, but in order to take advantage of the winds our curving course must take us over four thousand miles. The six weeks are well spent in putting the ship in trim for her arrival in port; painting, scraping, oiling and "tarring down" are finished, and then a pretty ship is your Morning Star, with the red decks and gleaming white of rails, stanchions and skylights, the straw-colored ventilators, freshly oiled masts, booms and blocks, and the shining black of the tarred rigging, all set off by the rich blue of the white-capped sea.

The homeward voyage is often stormy and rough, but the line on the captain's chart marking each day's run grows longer, home draws nearer; and when, at last, with the pilot on board, we steam past Honolulu Light, through the passage, and into the still harbor, we forget all the hard experiences of the voyage, and remember only, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet: so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOGAN'S JOURNAL.

THE Morning Star sailed from Honolulu, Monday afternoon, June 22, 1896. There were brief religious exercises on board at 2 P. M., during which the Australia was slowly making her way into the harbor. We waited for the mail and some other things, so that it was toward five o'clock as we cast off the line and waved our adieus. One who has not passed through the experience would perhaps find difficulty in understanding



MISSION BEACH, KUSAIE.

the feelings of a Micronesian missionary as, standing on the deck, he sees the form of friends grow dim, the outlines of the little city with its spires recede in the distance, and finally the whole island and its mountains sink out of sight.

The feeling that the last connecting link between us and native land and so much that we hold dear is now severed, is very keen; but that is not all: we are going out into another world widely separated by months of time and thousands of miles of space from this one which we have just left,—a world of darkness, where rays from the light of Christianity have wrought little outward change. The cheering thought as we went our solitary way down into the cabin was that God is our Father here as there, and that we go In His Name.

Our first port was Butaritari, where we found Mr. Walkup with the little schooner Hiram Bingham, and were glad to hear from him concerning the work in this group. Some of you know that Mr. Walkup has his home entirely on the little schooner Hiram Bingham, and spends his entire time in touring among these islands; but I think that very few of you understand much about the sacrifice involved in such a life: no other home than the cabin of this little vessel, which is not greatly larger than the cabin of a good-sized whale boat; always sitting down alone to meals prepared by the native Gilbert boys, who are his crew and his helpers in every way, and his only companions. I was struck with a remark made on the *Star* since leaving Butaritari. One said,—and he is a Christian man, too,—“I have been thinking all day about that man on the little schooner, and I believe he must have something in his Christian life which I have not, which helps him to live a heroic life like that;” and surely there is a sublimity about it which is above and beyond earthly things.

From Butaritari to Kusaie was a voyage of eleven days, and the *Star* reached the latter port on July 27th. A tarry of nine days enabled Mrs. Logan to visit the girls' school, to see the good work done among them, and to encourage the hearts of the weary and overworked teachers. Her journal continues:—

We left Kusaie, August 4th. I was glad to have Miss Foss decide to go with us to visit the stations at the west. I was glad also to go on shore with her at Pingelap, which island we reached next day. There is no anchorage here, and the *Star* has to “lie off and on” while the missionaries are on shore. The landing by boat through a small passage in the reef with the breakers running high is rather exciting, to put it mildly. A great crowd of children and older people were assembled on the shore to welcome us. They were all singing at the top of their voices a Ponape hymn which goes to the tune of “John Brown's body.” We were warmly welcomed, and escorted to the house of Thomas, the pastor and teacher. Thomas was anx-



KUSAIE GIRLS' SCHOOL, '95.

ious to know if there was not a minister on board. His wife departed this life some two years ago, and he has chosen a successor, and was anxious to be married. It seemed too bad that there was no minister along, but Thomas must wait until a native minister from some other island can get to Pingelap.

I ought to speak of the ornamentation and decoration which we saw in the church,—the same old church of coral rock built so many years ago. We could but notice it as we entered, and Thomas hastened to explain that they had a Fourth of July celebration, and had not yet taken down the emblems which they had used for the occasion. It was something between the pathetic and the ridiculous. A large part of it consisted of paper cuffs, a great number strung about the room in various ways. We wondered where they could have obtained them. A tree the size of a small Christmas tree stood beside the platform, the bare branches wound with various colored rags, and there were other ornaments of the same kind all about the room. To the great body of the American nation it would not be striking, but I saw in it a love and a loyalty for a few of the children of that nation whose joy it had been, through some little sacrifice, perchance, to scatter among them some rays from the Divine and heavenly light which had penetrated the thick darkness of their heathenism.

Monday, August 10th, we reached Ponape, and came to anchor in the Jamestown harbor, near the Spanish colony and seat of government. The captain called upon the governor at once (an invitation to visit Ponape having been received while at Kusaie), and found that he had no special object in view in inviting the Morning Star to come to Ponape, except to show his good will and kindly feeling toward the American missionaries at this time, as he is about to leave the colony, his term of office having expired. We were given permission to go where we pleased on the island, two exceptions only being made, and to talk with the people freely. The Star went round to Kiti Harbor, where Henry Nanpei lives. The people were joyfully glad to see the dear ship once more, and could hardly believe their eyes. Henry said reverently, as he stood at the foot of the stairs ready to come up, "God's good gift."

We spent two nights here, Miss Foss attending the morning and evening services, and meeting the people in a somewhat public way. Dear Mary Magdalene's heart overflowed into her eyes, which was also true of many of the other Christians, especially of those among the older ones. We attended the funeral of Titus, one of the earlier Christians who many years ago did some missionary work on Pingelap, and later on Nama, and at Ruk. As we thought of the past few years and what they have brought to this people of evil persecution and deprivation of gospel privileges, it meant much to us to

stand by that open grave and see this Christian burial conducted by the native pastor. Standing there by the grave the Christians sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," Henry Nanpei having recently translated it into the Ponape language.

Returning to Jamestown Harbor yesterday, Captain Garland, Miss Foss, and I went on shore to call upon the governor, and accepted an invitation to remain and dine with him. Henry Nanpei and his family were with us also. We had a pleasant visit with the governor, as we did also this morning when he came on board the *Star* by the captain's invitation. We could only talk with him through an interpreter, who also found it rather difficult to express himself in English. We got under way soon after ten o'clock with our faces again set westward. One more stop and then Ruk! Henry Nanpei thinks there are four hundred Christians on Ponape who have remained faithful through all their trials. I hope it is true, but fear there are not so many. One new church building is now ready to be dedicated, and another is soon to be begun. The people seem hungry for books and for religious teaching.

On August 27th, a little more than two months after leaving Honolulu, the *Star* reached Ruk. We found that quite a beginning had been made in the great work of moving the mission station from Anapano to Kutna, on the adjacent island of Toloas. The distance is perhaps not more than six or eight miles, but it is no small matter to move houses that distance in Micronesia. We found the Prices, Fosters, Misses Kinney and Abell, with the girls' school, all stowing themselves away as well as they could in the two houses which had been moved and put up at Kutna. My welcome back was warm and sincere, from both associates and natives.

The site chosen for our girls' school is a pleasant one, and when our house is once more in livable shape we shall be profoundly thankful. It is a matter for thanksgiving, too, that Mr. Bowker is here to work for us. Miss Kinney is very much worn, and has a troublesome cough. Miss Abell is far from well, also, and just now we are in special distress because little Christie Price, a beautiful child of six months, is very sick. Such times try the souls of parents. No medical advice, no human help, outside themselves. Watching, waiting, hoping, praying, despairing? Dear mothers in the homeland, with remedies and skill at your command, can you understand it?

September 15: Little Christie lingered with us until one week ago to-day, when he went to sleep in Jesus. He had been very restless for two or three days, sleeping little, so that it was almost a comfort to see the weary eyes close.

We tried to do all we could to help and comfort the sore hearts of the parents, who truly bore their sorrow in a sweet and submissive way; a way

which must surely be an object lesson to these heathen people about us. The grave was made in a pleasant spot not far from where our house is to stand; after a simple Christian service he was laid away to rest. Thus have we consecrated ground here on this new mission station, as at Anapano.

SOME MICRONESIAN EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. T. CROSBY.

At Ruk.—In 1895 I felt that if I were a globe trotter, I should be competent—or consider myself so—to give a full account of Ruk: of the people, the work and workers. If I have not seen enough to “write a book,” I have seen enough to fill me with dismay, and make my heart ache with the wretchedness and the heathenism with which our fellow-workers there have to contend.

I have seen the heathen in the Marshall Islands; I have seen the heathen in the Gilbert Islands; and at Kusaie, Mokil, Pingelap, and Ugatic, of this Caroline group; but I have never dreamed of such awful creatures as the Ruk heathen, and the more awful as they seem to be of rather a higher type than the people in the other islands. Men with erect, graceful figures, clear-cut features, bright eyes, and very intelligent looking, but covered from head to foot with yellow paint, and cocoanut oil, and dirt,—their long, black hair held in a tangled mass by a “skewer” on the top of the head; immense apertures in their ears, filled with ornaments made of cocoanut shell and coral; unclothed, save a dirty strip of calico or two strips of native cloth thrown over the shoulders. I saw Levi, the old witch doctor, and perhaps the most powerful man in Ruk. When Mr. Logan went there, ten years ago, Levi welcomed him, and gave him land for the mission station. His expectation was that when their house was built he would live in it with the Logans, and share their possessions; and when he found this was not to be, he turned from them, and now declares that as he “introduced the missionaries to Ruk, so he will drive them out.” He is a hideous-looking old fellow, and is, perhaps, the most formidable opponent they have, aside from the depraved hearts of the people. Yet the outlook is brightening for Ruk.

Sunday evening I met the girls in the school, and told them something of the boys and girls in America, and of their interest in hearing of the boys and girls in Micronesia. At the close of the meeting I asked if they had any message they would like to send to the young people of America, and of course they had. One after another gave her message, which Miss Kinney interpreted for me. Here are a few of them:—

“Tell them we love them.”

"We thank them for loving us."

"We are trying to be good here, and want them to pray for us."

The last one, I remember, was very original: "Tell them we are trying to be good and serve Jesus here, and if they will obey him in America we will obey him here, and then we shall all please him."

They are such bright, attractive girls! I wish you could see them. Ruk is beautiful, and the view across the lagoon is magnificent: it is like looking across a bay, and in the distance are eight or ten islands rising from six hundred to a thousand feet above the level of the ocean. During the day they are very clearly seen, but at dusk they are hid in silvery mists and shades, while the tops are still glorious in the light of the setting sun. Later, the fishing torches appear along the shores, while the mountains loom up behind, weird and beautiful in the moonlight, or dusky shadows against the starlit sky.

Sunday I went out to the spot where Mr. Logan lies. I had never before realized what a burden he carried in coming to this Ruk lagoon, and beginning the work here. Now it is heathenism such as I have never seen in the other islands, and yet there are some who are clothed, who have come out of the darkness into the light, and who are trying to serve the Lord Jesus. Standing there, single handed and alone, save for such help as his consecrated wife could give him, no wonder he sank under the load; and only forty-four years of age! He was so young to have thus borne the burden and heat of the day, and to have laid his burden down and entered into rest!

The verse on the white marble shaft that marks his resting place tells the story:—

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

As I stood there thinking of Mr. Logan and dear Mrs. Logan, several little heathen children gathered round me; they were attractive little ones in spite of the dirt, and paint, and oil which forms their principal covering, and their masses of unkempt hair. But the black eyes peeping out from among the tangles were very bright, and the gleam of white teeth as I smiled down at them made me think of what some one has christened the negroes—"black sunshine"; the little faces they raised to mine were very sunshiny. Suddenly one of the little painted savages thrust her hand through the fence that protects the grave, and plucking a pretty blue flower from it thrust it into my hand; seeing I was pleased, the others gathered

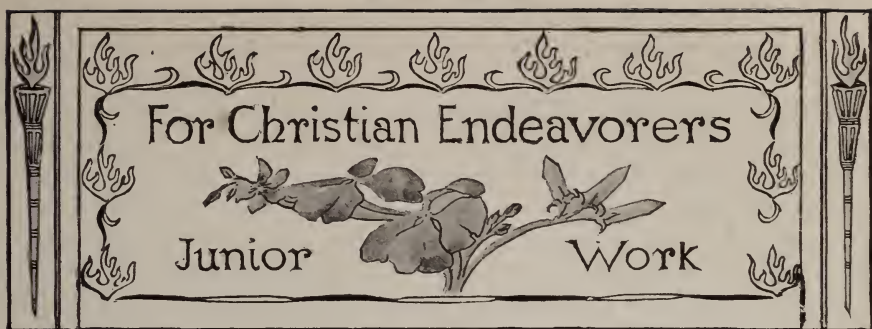
more and gave them to me. I longed to be able to speak to them, and tell them of the loving heart that had worn itself out in service for their fathers, and of the One greater than he who has given his life for them, but I could only smile into their faces and give them a loving caress as I left them.

A MICRONESIAN WELCOME.

At Niejij.—We spent a day at this island, and such an experience as we had! Niejij is a small island, and has no lagoon. After everybody was out of the little boat that brought us near the land, one of my boys and Larejib, the native pastor, made a hand chair and carried me ashore; a crowd of people were waiting to receive us, and gave us a hearty welcome. One old woman clutched me by the dress and said: "Ah, I do love you so, and the Morning Star! You have pity on us, and come in love to help us!" Another said, "My heart has been heavy with sorrow all the year for fear I should not see your face again!"

Larejib had only been there three years. Dr. Pease says that when he was there two years ago the people were all "studies in bronze"; now we saw but one man with the native fringe; all the others, men, women, and children, were clothed. There is a population of less than four hundred on this island, and in the meeting we had an audience of more than three hundred, and nearly a hundred and fifty women in their meeting. We had a funny experience after that meeting with the women: several of the very old women came up to us, and one of them threw her arms around me and hugged me tightly as she said, "I love you, I love you!" Another old woman was hugging Mrs. Rife; then the others tried to get their arms around us, too, trying to hug us both in one embrace. They were very much excited in their joy, and seemed to have "lost their heads,"—pulling and pushing us around in their efforts to show the greatness of their love; screaming at the same time how they loved us. We were very dear to them; we were the crown of their heads—their mothers.

At last one old woman began beating a tattoo on my chest, and at the same time another tried to kiss me. I succeeded at last in freeing my hands, and managed to get hold of two of the most active among them,—the two who were shaking and pounding us with love pats, I suppose, according to their ideas. When I could make myself heard I told them they hurt us; they must not do so. "But we love you; you are very dear to us," they exclaimed. "Yes, we know you do," we replied, as we gradually worked our way to the door. They were too excited to try to talk rationally with them, so we made our escape to the teachers' house, where Dr. Pease was awaiting us.



FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.—THE TENTH LEGION.

BY MRS. F. E. CLARK.

It was a bright Saturday morning in May. The ten o'clock train on the Albany Road was carrying its usual crowd of suburbans into the city. A little group of schoolgirls in the forward car occupied two seats facing each other, and made a pretty picture with their bright, attractive faces and their merry chatter.

"What is the matter with you, Nan?" said Nellie Severance, the pretty girl with the fair, fresh face. "I do believe you have not spoken for five minutes."

"What do you suppose I've been and gone and done?" answered Nan, with a quizzical look. "You'll never guess."

"Got A's in all your lessons in this month's report," said Grace Merrill.

"Got engaged," said May Arnold.

"Joined the Society for the Promotion of Piety among the Parsees," said Nellie, with a laugh.

"Well," said Nan, "you are nearer to it than you thought, though that is not what we call it. I've joined the Tenth Legion."

"When? why? what is it?" came in the same breath from the three girls.

"A month ago. Because. It's a kind of a new, nineteenth-century edition of the famous Tenth Legion," said Nan, answering the three questions at once.

"Now don't tease, Nan; tell us all about it," said Grace Merrill. "You know you are aching to tell."

"All right, I'll tell; only you mustn't laugh. I did not speak about it sooner because I was afraid I should not keep it up; but I like it so much better than I thought I should that I'm going to persuade you all to join. I don't know how long it will take, but I warn you that I am going to begin on you now."

"All right, go ahead. We are just pining to be persuaded," said Nellie.

"Well, it began with a missionary sermon about a month ago," said Nan. "I knew as soon as Mr. Winn gave out his text that it was going to be a missionary sermon, and I had only ten cents in my pocket; for, of course, I had spent all my money on Saturday, and I made up my mind that I would not put in so little as that anyway. Well, Mr. Winn began with Christ's command, 'Go ye into all the world;' and he said that command was meant for me, Nan Seymour, just as much as it was for Peter, or Andrew, or Thomas. Of course he did not call my name right out in meeting, and I do not suppose he was thinking of me at all, but it meant me just the same. Then he told us how the disciples began to obey the command, and how they went all through Palestine preaching the Word. Then he told us how Paul began his missionary work, and where he went, and something of what he accomplished. Then he told us a little about the pioneers in modern missionary work; and then he gave us a bird's-eye view of the world as it is to-day. Then he told us a little about the army as it is to-day. He said that the words 'Go ye' were our marching orders, and all of us could go or send. He said that we all ought to know where the fight was hottest, and how the battle is going, and what lands have been taken; and we ought to know at least the names of some of the officers, and some of the brave things they have done, and we ought to know the latest news from the front. I can't begin to tell you what he said, but he made me feel as though I did not know anything, and I was so ashamed to think that I had not even wanted to know. And then when he prayed that we might all be loyal soldiers, and that God would make us willing to give and glad to give, I just made up my mind to begin right off. So when the box came around I made myself put in that poor little ten-cent piece, just to shame myself."

"But what has all that to do with the Tenth Legion?" said May Arnold.

"And what are you going to convert us to?" said Nellie. "Are all the members of the Tenth Legion going on a mission?"

"One of the members is going to know something about missions anyway," said Nan.

"But you haven't told us yet what the Tenth Legion is," said Grace. "Is it another new society?"

"Hardly that," said Nan, "for there are no officers and no meetings, so far as I know. It is only an enrollment. It was started by the Christian Endeavorers of New York City, and now the United Society of Christian Endeavor has adopted it. Anyone can belong who will promise to give not less than a tenth of his income to the Lord."

"But what is the good of promising, and why should one join the Tenth Legion?" said Grace, thoughtfully. "It seems to me there are societies enough already."

"It does not involve any more work," said Nan. "You simply write to Mr. Baer for a card, and then you sign this promise and your name is enrolled with the others, and then you get the inspiration of numbers and the fellowship. I felt that I needed the help of the promise, and I like the feeling that, though I cannot give much, there are a good many others who are giving in the same way, and our gifts taken all together will count up. Why, just think, if a million of the Endeavorers should enroll in the Tenth Legion,—and our president thinks there will be more than that one of these days,—and if each of them should give only a dollar a year, that would count up to a million dollars. O girls, I'm glad I belong, and I believe that we shall have more than a million members one of these days, for surely that is included in our Christian Endeavor pledge. Isn't it a part of the "Whatever He would like to have me do"?"

"Why, Nan, you are really eloquent. I almost would sort of half like to belong, but how can I give a tenth of my income, when my income is just nothing at all?" said Nellie.

"But you have some money to spend this morning, haven't you?" said Grace. "It must have 'come in' to you in some way, whether you call it an income or not."

"Yes," said Nellie, "I have just ten dollars; but it will not begin to buy half the things I need, and I shall not have a cent left over."

"Don't you think, Nell, that we sometimes begin at the wrong end?" said Nan. "We take what we think we need for ourselves, and then if we have anything left over we are willing to give it. I know that is what I have always done, and I have only just begun to do the other way,—and take out the Lord's money first and put it away to use for him, and then make the rest of it do for me. And I think I seem to have just about as much to spend, too, or else the money goes further. Of course I do not have all the things I want, or think I need, but then I did not before, and I think I come just as near it now; and then it is so much more fun to give. Why, I used to just dread to see a church collector or a contribution box, because I never had anything to put in; and if I did have any money I wanted it for something else, and it was like pulling teeth to give it. But now I feel so rich because I always have something to give, even if it is only a little. The only question is how shall I make it do the most good, and how much shall I give to this object and how much to that. And then, of course, when I have given some money I want to know what becomes of it, so I have been reading up, and I

never had any idea how interesting the LIFE AND LIGHT and the *Missionary Herald* were. Why, girls, if you would just read the last number you would not only join the Tenth Legion, but you would feel as if your tenth was such a little to give when there is so much need, that you would try to get as many more members as possible, so as to roll up that million dollars quicker."

"Just what do you mean by giving a tenth?" said May. "Do you mean that I ought to give a tenth of my allowance, or of all the money that I get in any way?"

"Why, all the money that 'comes in' is income, isn't it?" said Grace.

"Yes," said Nellie; "I should think it means that out of every dollar I get I should give ten cents to the Lord. I wonder if I could do it. How do you manage it, Nan?"

"Do you remember, Nell, that lovely little jewelry box that Uncle Will gave me last Christmas? Well, you know I haven't much jewelry, and what I have looked rather cheap in that lovely box, so I thought perhaps missionary money would be more becoming to it, so I use that for my treasury; and whenever any money comes in to me in any way I drop a tenth of it right into that box, and there it is, all ready when called for. Oh! it is great fun to have a bank to draw on, and I like to see how much it will do. Why, girls, I already own a tiny little share in a village school near Ahmednagar, in India; and I think I must own at least one bottle of medicine in several hospitals in China; and I own a few nails in a home mission church out West, and a shingle or two in a parsonage; and I own a small share in one of those little Armenian orphans in Cesarea; and, what is more, I know a little something about every place where my money has gone. I do not know yet all about the battlefield, or even where the battle is hottest, but I have learned the names of a few of the commanders, and something about the victories they have won. Do you know, girls, the more I read about it the more I want to give, and the more I give the more I want to read about it all. It works both ways. Oh, girls, you just must try it!"

"I have a great mind to do it," said Grace.

"Let's all promise quick while we feel like it," said Nell, "for I am afraid I shall not do it at all unless I agree to it now, while I am all stirred up by Nan's preach. I think you ought to be a minister, Nan."

"Agreed," said May. "I'll promise it for a month, at any rate, and I will lay aside one tenth of the money that is in my pocketbook this minute."

"So will I," said Grace.

"Me, too," said Nell, "and if it works well I'll coax two more people I know to join. But here we are in Boston. I hope I shall not go into White's and order a half a yard of Tenth Legion."

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY IN SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN.

BY MISS ANNA F. WEBB.

Confiado en que el
 Señor Jesucristo me ayude, le
 prometo que procurare hacer todo lo
 que El quiere, para que yo ha-
 ga; que se- ra regla de
 mi vida hacer ora-
 cion y leer la Biblia
 todos los dias, y sostener mi iglesia de todos las maneras
 que me sea posible, especialmente asistiendo a los cul-
 tos, tanto en el domingo como entre semana, a noser
 impedido por
 algun motivo
 que pue- da pre-
 sentar en con-
 ciencia a mi
 Salva- dor y
 que has- ta donde me lo per-
 mita mi inteligencia, y du-
 rante to- da mi vida, pro-
 curare vivir co-
 mo cris- tiano
 verda- dero. Co-
 mo miem- bro acti-
 vo de la sociedad
 del Es- fuerzo
 Cristiano prometo asistir y tomar alguna par- te
 (a mas de cantar) en todos los cultos de oracion, siem-
 pre que no sea impedida por alguna razon que pueda
 presentarse por jus-
 ta a mi Señor y
 Maestro. Si me veo
 obligado a estar au-
 sente de la reunion de consagracion, hare
 lo posible por enviar un texto de
 la Sagrada Escritura.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PLEDGE IN SPANISH.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I
 am sure you will all be
 interested to know that
 Christian Endeavor work,
 which has done so much
 to develop spirituality and
 Christian activity in the
 young people of America
 and England, is beginning
 to take hold of the Spanish
 Protestant youth, and
 show them that there is a
 share for them in the work
 of advancing Christ's
 kingdom. For a long
 time there has been a
 Christian Endeavor So-
 ciety here in the College
 in San Sebastian, but the

work did not begin to spread until about three years ago, when our Spanish pastor in Santander started one in connection with his church. Now he is most enthusiastic over its success, and considers it one of the most important adjuncts to his work in that city. Then one of our graduates began a society in her day school near Huelva, in the copper mines of Rio Tinto. The fourth society was started a year and a half ago by another of our graduates in her school, also in the mining region, near Cadiz.

Two Junior Societies have also been organized, one in San Sebastian and the other in Santander. The latter is conducted by another of our graduates, all of whom are very loyal Christian Endeavorers. But our last-formed society, the seventh, is for boys, and it is about this one that I want to write.

In our day school in San Sebastian we have a great many boys who are allowed by their parents to attend our school until they are old enough to take the *primera comunión*. Then they are obliged to confess, and as ab- solution would not be given them by the priests if they still had connection with the *Protestantes*, at the age of twelve or fourteen, the very time when

we want to keep the firm hold upon these lads, they are removed from the school, and we often lose them entirely.

For a long time we have been wishing to find some way to keep our influence over them, and attract them to our church services. Two or three methods have been tried, with indifferent success. At last we determined to see if it would be possible to interest them in Endeavor work, and Miss Bushée, another member of our faculty, Doña Esther, one of our graduates, and I invited to meet us one Sunday afternoon two boys who had been pupils of our day school some three years ago, and who still occasionally attend our services.

Even if we could form a society, it was a great question when we could hold the meetings, for the boys are busy at their shops or offices until 6 P. M. or later, and then attend the city night school, to continue their studies in bookkeeping, French, mathematics, drawing, etc. So there was absolutely no day but Sunday. And this, from time immemorial, has been a *dia de fiesta* (feast day) for every Spaniard. That afternoon and evening is the time for the bullfight, the best concert, the theater, and, lacking any of these attractions, this opportunity is improved by the promenade, or the long walk *al campo* (in the country) of which the Spaniard is so fond.

So we wondered if any of the boys would be willing to forego these diversions for what they would consider the doubtful pleasure of a prayer meeting. You must remember, too, that the words Christian Endeavor mean no more to them than Greek. Several days previous to the appointed Sunday we spent in wondering how we could possibly arouse their interest. Singing always makes a meeting lively; but could these lads sing? Would they be too shy to if they could? Would they be too bored by what we did and said to ever come again? At any rate we would make it short; it should not be longer than a half hour. And so on and on; we feared and trembled, but we did not forget to pray.

The afternoon came, and it was raining,—no, it was pouring bucketfuls. I have seldom seen such a downpour even in Spain, and I solemnly assure you, dear friends, that is saying a great deal. Two o'clock, the hour appointed, came, and Miss Bushée, Doña Esther, and I assembled in a room with a piano and waited. The doorbell rang, and a boy who had been our *portero* for a while came in with two of the oldest lads of the day school, who will probably soon leave it. While they were shaking the water from their clothes like big Newfoundland dogs, two others were ushered in, Luis and Benito, who left us some years ago. Our long-desired opportunity had come! You can all imagine the fervent prayers that sprang from our hearts that God would take them and us under his all-wise guidance and teaching.

I suggested, rather timidly, that we should sing some hymn that they knew, relying upon Doña Esther's strong voice to carry us through without an absolute breakdown, and gave out one that is something on the order of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" (*Adelante siempre*). I began the verse; in one minute I had lost my place in surprise and stumbled to catch up; but it made very little difference really, for even Esther's voice was drowned in the volume that poured forth. Evidently they liked to sing, and had not dared in the regular services. How they sang—sweetly, clearly, joyously! So we tried another, with like success. Then, after a short prayer, Miss Bushée told them about the beginning of a society in America composed of young people, and how this society had grown, and extended to nearly every part of the world. They listened attentively to every word, especially when she read the pledge. Of course it is an associate members' pledge, but we have made it include much more than an associate's in America.

Then we proposed that one of them should select a hymn, which was done immediately, and was sung with the same zest as before. I told them then about the great convention at Washington last summer, showing them various badges, and telling them about the music, the tents, the people (more than in all San Sebastian), the enthusiasm, the cheering for Dr. Clark and Mr. Baer, and just a little of the speeches. After an earnest prayer by Doña Esther and another vigorously sung hymn, we encouraged them to talk. They began a little shyly to ask questions, and then grew very much interested and wanted to form a society, saying they could meet at 2 P. M. every other Sunday afternoon. We would not let them sign the pledge that afternoon, but allowed them to elect a president and secretary out of their number. And our boys' society was formed! They went away, and we looked to see if the half hour was up,—and we had been there an hour and a half!

The following Sunday was Christian Endeavor day, and the evening service had been given into the charge of the two societies here, the College and the Juniors. It had been arranged for before the boys' society existed. But the young men were on hand, and evidently wanted to take part; so we provided them with a little badge of red and yellow ribbon (the Spanish national colors), and some little notices to read of world-wide Christian Endeavor movement. When their turn came, each rose and read his article in a clear voice. One coincidence pleased them very much,—the Christian Endeavor's sixteenth anniversary was also the sixteenth birthday of their newly elected president.

The following week the president came early in a state of excitement. It was a great feast day, and two of the boys had been invited by their fathers.

who have positions in the railway offices, to take an excursion that afternoon with them. He was going to see if he could persuade them to give it up, so he might be late. We waited some time, talking to the two faithful ones, who had brought with them two recruits, and then, when we began to fear that President Luis, too, had been enticed by the prospect of a free excursion, in he walked with the other two boys. Please, those of you who think that to give up a most rare railway excursion is a small thing, remember how you felt when you were a boy.

In all, seven were present, and six insisted on signing the pledge. The secretary was shown how to write and read the Act (minutes), and our society was formally started.

They were delighted to learn some new hymns that the College Christian Society had translated,—“Scatter Sunshine,” “Let a Little Sunshine In,” etc. How they did enjoy them! For a while we had a regular singing society.

As every one of these lads must be a soldier in a very little while, we have taken up as subjects,—the true soldier; his weapons, his enemies, and his Captain. They listen earnestly, even taking some part; and when voluntary prayers were asked for, we were surprised and touched by an earnest, boyish prayer from the president. With two meetings we have now seven members.

Dear friends, pray, oh! so fervently, with us that this society may be God's means of great spiritual blessing, not only to these boys and others whom they may bring into it, but through them to all Spain.

FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

A VOYAGE IN THE MORNING STAR.

FOR all information up to the sailing of the last Morning Star, as well as illustrations interesting for the meeting, procure from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions Rooms, * “Mission Stories of Micronesia and the Morning Star.” (Price, 15 cents.) A small map may be found in this book or in *LIFE AND LIGHT*, July, 1894. After opening the meeting let the exercise “Mission Ships” be given, * *Dayspring*, July, 1892.

Let the leader tell, in a brief and interesting way, the story of the three Morning Stars which have preceded the present vessel. Have the chairs arranged in circles to represent coral islands, and let the children choose on which island they will live. Let the largest boy represent Captain Garland, and if desired have a little girl, with sails pinned to her shoulders, represent

the new Morning Star, wearing the name of the vessel on her forehead. As they cruise among the islands, let Captain Garland describe: "Some Days on the Star," *Missionary Herald*, August, 1894; "The Twelfth Voyage on the Star," *Missionary Herald*, August, 1895; "A Seafaring Bible," *Dayspring*, August, 1886. Let the Star anchor at Butaritari, and let some one living on the island tell of the formation of coral islands, **Dayspring*, February, 1884, and others give the following articles: "The Story of Butaritari," *Missionary Herald*, July, 1892, and June, 1896; "How We Dined with the King," *Missionary Herald*, June, 1893. The Star will then sail on to Ponape, where the tales may be told of "Home in Micronesia," *Missionary Herald*, October, 1885; "A Nanakin of Ponape," *Dayspring*, November, 1891. Let the good news be given that the Morning Star is allowed to anchor at Ponape, *Missionary Herald*, December, 1896. The Star sails on, touching at Kusaie, where several of the Boarding School girls will tell of * "How They Live on Kusaie," *Dayspring*, August, 1889; Leaflet, "A Day in Kusaie," price 2 cents; "Letters from Micronesian Girls," *Dayspring*, August, 1890; "The Story of Nei Uana," *Dayspring*, June, 1896; "Fourth of July in Micronesia," *Missionary Herald*, December, 1886. Sailing on to Ruk, we hear of "Mission Life at Ruk," *Missionary Herald*, June and August, 1887; "Little Enoch of Ruk," *Dayspring*, September, 1891; * "The Story of Ipan," *Dayspring*, October, 1891. Let the meeting close with sentence prayers for the children of Micronesia, not forgetting to ask for the safety of the Morning Star and opening of work again on Ponape.

Starred material, 23 cents.

Scraps from our Work Basket.

CONTRIBUTIONS The report of our contributions for the month ending FOR THE MONTH. May 18th fills us with dismay, as it gives a falling off, in comparison with the same month last year, of \$4,000. This wipes out the encouraging gain which slowly accumulated during the first half of the year amounting to about \$3,500, and leaves us with a deficit of \$844.28 in the seven months. We find the decrease to be in four of our largest branches of about \$1,000 each; two of which sent in unusually large contributions a year ago from special anniversary offerings. There are yet five months remaining of our year. If every one who reads these lines would send in an extra dollar the amount could be made up. Will you do it?

MACEDONIAN *The Missionary Review* calls attention to the wonderful

GIVING. sermon on giving, contained in the eighth and ninth chapters of Second Corinthians, and goes on to say: "These Macedonians seem to have furnished the most singular example of Christian benevolence to be found anywhere in Sacred Scripture; their giving was a sort of reversal of all ordinary experiences. 1. They gave out of the abundance of their poverty, and not out of the plenitude of wealth. 2. Their willingness exceeded their ability, instead of their ability their willingness. 3. They were urgent to be allowed to give rather than reluctant, while those who received the gift were reluctant to take it, knowing how deep was their poverty. 4. They made the greater gift first—of themselves—and the latter gift was the less—their money; usually people give the least they can to begin with and have to be educated up to giving themselves at the very last. 5. In these chapters value of gifts is reckoned, not by amount given, but by the degree of willingness and cheerfulness exhibited. 6. We are taught here that increase comes not by keeping but by giving; that the way to get more is to give more, and the way to lose is to keep. 7. The crowning lesson of all is that they regarded giving not as a privation to be evaded and avoided, but a privilege and a blessing to be courted and cultivated."

SEMIANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD. The semiannual meeting of the Board was held by invitation of our Essex South Branch in the South Church, Salem, Mass., on Thursday, May 27th. We were favored with the usual rain of anniversary week, but a large audience gathered in spite of the weather. The church was beautifully decorated with spring flowers and fresh ferns. The welcome was bright and cordial, and all the arrangements most perfectly carried out. The programme comprised addresses by Mrs. Gulick of Spain, Miss Daniels of Japan, Mrs. Garland of Micronesia, Miss Stone and Miss Kara-Ivanova of Bulgaria, the latter being a graduate of our girls' college in Constantinople. A question box at the beginning of the afternoon session, conducted by Miss Stanwood, brought out many helpful hints on various points. At the close of the meeting all who desired it were taken on a most enjoyable pilgrimage to various places of historical interest in the city. The meeting was thought to be "one of the very best we have ever had."

WOMEN'S CLUBS AND WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES. One of the questions discussed at the semi-annual meeting was, "What can we learn from women's clubs as to the conduct of our missionary societies?" The following items were reported from members of different clubs present: "Every lady is expected to serve on committees, and is herself responsible

for the welfare of the club." "Every lady is expected to attend the meetings. If she is not present at a certain number of them she loses her membership." "The subjects for all the meetings are arranged beforehand for the season, writers of papers are appointed and usually spend from six to ten weeks in their preparation. They are required to be thoroughly informed on all connected with the subject." "We have no trouble in securing members; at present there are forty-seven on the waiting list for twenty-three places." A missionary present asked, "What is the membership fee in women's clubs?" Answers from all parts of the house: "Three dollars;" "Five dollars;" "Ten dollars," and so on,—none reported less than two dollars. "And what is the membership in women's missionary societies?" Dead silence. Every one seemed ashamed to speak first. An incident was related: A lady interested in missions visiting at a friend's house is told, "We have decided to hold our auxiliary meetings only once in two months, instead of every month as we have been doing. People can't seem to find time to come every month, and we think it will be better to try to have really interesting meetings once in two months or once a quarter, and then people will take pains to come." The visitor remained unconvinced, but silent. A few days later the secretary of a club, studying the history of the State in which they live, called, full of enthusiasm over the next meeting of the club. Finally she says: "Really, Mrs. W., we all think we must have our meetings once in two weeks. We can't begin to get in all the interesting things we have to tell in monthly meetings." "I think you are right; we forget so much from one time to another when we have to wait four weeks." More conversation of the same purport, followed by a question from the visitor: "Are these the same ladies who think they cannot have an interesting missionary meeting more than once in two months?" "Why,—yes,—I believe they are very much the same." A change in the subject of the conversation.

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY MAY FESTIVAL.

The usual May Festival for the mission circles of Boston and vicinity was held in Berkeley Temple, Boston, on Saturday, May 8th. The exercises were arranged to interest the children in the new work undertaken by the Board,—an enlargement of the building for our girls' boarding school in Foochow, China. An object lesson on the worship of the kitchen god was explained by Rev. J. H. Roberts, of the North China Mission, who also gave an illustration of a heathen school in China. By contrast, an exhibition of the way in which a Christian boarding school is conducted was shown by Miss E. M. Garretson, of Foochow. Gifts and pledges amounting to a little over \$350 were received for the new building.

BOARDING SCHOOL AT CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO. Word has come of the graduating exercises, May 7th, in our school in Chihuahua. "It was not only the first class to graduate from any girls' school in our mission in Mexico, but the first from any girls' school in Chihuahua. As the girls had never seen a graduation, it was a great event in their lives." Abundance of flowers, music, and essays made a very pleasant occasion, which was well appreciated by about four hundred people. Miss Hammond writes: "It is very trying to think that the people will not believe that the girls wrote their own essays, as it is customary here to have them prepared by someone else. A lawyer, who was present, asked if they were written in Mexico city. They do not realize what a blessing our precious library has been to our girls, and that they have learned to make good use of reference books."

NEED IN AHMEDNAGAR. As has been said before in these pages, we believe that the very best way for those interested in our Board to help famine sufferers in India is to see that none of the pupils in our schools are sent back to the want and privation in their homes for lack of funds. Word has come from the Marathi Mission that our girls' boarding school in Ahmednagar must receive an additional grant of \$540, in order to keep the present numbers in the school. The strict economy practised in the school, and the sore need, is shown by the following, from Miss Emily Bissell: "A matter that exasperates me is the inability to furnish our girls with enough towels and soap. Two girls use one towel between them, and I cannot give them soap enough to use it after each meal, and, as they eat with their fingers, they seldom get their hands quite free from grease, and the slates and books are dreadfully soiled. If this is a luxury in their 'simplicity of living,' I leave it to you whether it is not a very desirable one."

"I cannot give my girls as good food as they have had in other years; they have much less rice and wheat, and more of the coarser, common grain called *jowari*. With all that we give the day scholars living in their own families they seldom get anything but *jowari*, and some of them come to school looking hungry. It gives me the heartache every time I go into the primary department and see the thin little faces, with the great wistful eyes looking out of them."

MRS. MARK WILLIAMS, KALGAN, CHINA. Letters have been received speaking of the great loss the North China Mission has sustained in the death of Mrs. Mark Williams, of Kalgan. She and her husband were the last of the missionaries who doubled the Cape of Good Hope, going to China in a sailing vessel, and they have labored nearly thirty years in Kalgan. Dr. C. L. Goodrich writes of her: "What a wealth of love she poured out upon

her pupils; a love that has followed them ever since, sometimes in their squalor, and rags, and sin; never giving them up. Nothing has impressed me more in Mrs. Williams's character than the depth and persistency of her love; nothing so much unless it be the genuineness of her character and the sensitiveness of her conscience."

VALUE OF A WIFE. Dr. Wittenberg is the name of the Basel medical missionary at Kayin Ishu. The natives come to him in crowds, and he has already acquired fame as an oculist. A heathen Chinese brought to him his wife, for whom he had only paid five dollars because she was blind. He had bought her on speculation, and did not lose anything as Dr. Wittenberg was successful in curing her. On his way home the first man he met exclaimed, "Thirty dollars!" The value of the wife had risen sixfold.—*Ex.*

THE GRAND LAMA ON A BICYCLE. The Grand Lama, living representative of Buddha, rides a bicycle! To such a startling and revolutionary course who can predict the end. As for ourselves we should never have credited the statement had it not been sent us by a senior member of the Peking Mission, who had it from a source considered trustworthy.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

Miss Laura M. Mellen writes from Esidumbini, Feb. 8, 1897, telling of the rich blessing they have received from God. An awakened interest was followed by meetings conducted by Mr. Weavers, from Iowa, and many for whom the hearts of the missionaries had been greatly burdened were brought out into greater light. She says:—

THE result was that of our six outstation preachers, four who were in the habit of taking snuff gave it up. (This is one of the evil habits these people learn in childhood and carry to their graves!) One of these men said to me with such a bright, happy look in his face: "I am so glad I gave up the snuff, for it is just as you said to me. God has come into my heart, and shown me other sins I did not know of, and is making everything clear to me now."

Joseph, our Enblanzein teacher, testified that at the first meeting he had received a renewed heart, had been praying ever since, and felt God's Spirit saying to him, "If you want to be my disciple you must be like a horse in harness, which must go forward and not turn to the right nor the left; otherwise you will not receive my Spirit." He wanted to wear blinders,

that he might not be attracted by the evil things on each side of the way of his heavenly road, and, above all, to receive the Holy Spirit in its fullest measure.

All the preachers testified to having been blessed and helped of God, four of them feeling that his Spirit had come into their lives as never before. Two old men and one younger one, who had been expelled from the church, were wonderfully brought to repentance. Many were led to give up their beer and tobacco. There were twenty-six snuffboxes and three pipes left on the table in the church.

One woman, who had come out of great affliction, said, "I feel God helps me, soul and body, and I want to work for him every moment of my life." Another "felt like a new-born babe, and wanted God to teach her to walk in his way continually."

A poor old soul, steeped in superstition, when seeking for prayers, was asked why she wore that snakeskin on her ankle. She answered, "It was only a charm to keep away the rheumatism." When shown that such things were not of God, but of the Evil One, the light broke upon her darkened mind, and her whole countenance seemed to change. She not only took off the charm and threw it away, but gave up her beer and snuff, and now "feels that God has truly delivered her from the demon of superstition."

Another said, "I am holding on to the hem of His garment and praying for the conversion of my husband, and I believe that God will answer." At this writing God has answered; her husband confessed his sins and sought forgiveness last evening in their home.

The chief, Mesein, and his head men were holding court in the neighborhood for two days, and they came to services. They seemed very much impressed. A heathen girl arose in their presence and said, "I love God because he first loved me, and I want him to give me courage to confess him before men, that I may have no fear of church members, nor of the people, nor of my chief sitting over there." This girl went to school when young, and learned to read and write. Her father died, and she was left in the care of an uncle, who would not let her return to school, but brought her up in heathenism. Not long ago she was brought to Christ, and began to pray most earnestly for this uncle and his wife. She met me one Sunday with such joy in her face, saying, "God has heard and answered my prayer; they who have not been inside the church for years are now coming to every service! I asked God to soften their hard hearts, and he is doing it." This man is an earnest seeker, and his wife testified: "God's Spirit is working among us. I want more light, and that my whole household may be saved."

These are only a few of the many testimonies I wish you might have heard for yourselves, together with their confessions, their pleading prayers for salvation, for cleansing, and for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

FROM MRS. GURUBAI KARMARKAR.

Mrs. Karmarkar, well known to many in this country while she was studying medicine, is now temporarily in a hospital in Baroda, India. Of one of her experiences there she writes:—

An eight months' old baby was drugged with a lump of opium (five grains, on being weighed) daily. The baby used to pass days and nights in a comatose condition. The bottle could be given, and the mother nurse the baby without its being roused. The grandmother, an old acquaintance of our family in Bombay, has been staying here on account of the plague. The mother of the child is only fifteen years of age, and became a widow four months previous to the birth of the child. She suffers from epileptic fits. Seeing me daily on my way to the dispensary, these people called on us. That very day I asked them to put a stop to opium. She had tried it once, she said, but the symptoms and suffering of the child were so dangerous that the doctor (a quack) ordered opium at once. The grandmother said that if I took the sole responsibility, and kept all three of them at my home until I could cure the baby of the habit, she would let me try. I gladly consented. In the evening the trio appeared, with their baggage, consisting of cradle, bedding, a lot of clothing, and a stove to heat the milk for the baby. The child had a bad cold, settled on the chest, which I feared might end in pneumonia. The sufferings of the infant for two days and two nights were intense. The agonizing cries were heartrending. The arms would get cold all of a sudden; so also the legs. We had hardly any sleep for two nights. Both the mother and grandmother were brave and resolute, and carried out my instructions in every point. The second night, to make matters worse, the mother had an epileptic fit, which increased my anxiety. The third day the baby was removed to their home, and they have not given it any opium. The baby is still under my care, as many symptoms occur that need to be treated. The baby got better daily, and after a week, when it was brought to spend an afternoon with me, its pleasant smiles and laughter seemed to say, "Thank you, doctor, for taking away that horrible drug from me."

The mother of the baby has been educated in Bombay at one of the mission schools, and knows something of the Bible. She is a dear child. We have great hopes of these two at least coming over to us some day. The grandmother may follow. Please pray for these and for many others that for the first time in their lives listen to the gospel message.

HERE AND THERE.

ABROAD.

AFRICA.—Letters continue to come telling of the remarkable religious interest in the Zulu Mission. At Inanda, and Esidumbini, and at Umzumbe, and other places, the workers are rejoicing in a rich spiritual blessing.

INDIA.—We rejoice to know that the plague has been very perceptibly decreasing in Bombay, and it is expected that the different departments of missionary work will be taken up as usual in the autumn. There can hardly be any relief from famine till after the fall crops are gathered, but much relief is being given from England and America.

TURKEY.—Our Girls' College in Constantinople has had a most satisfactory year, although with smaller numbers, and in the midst of rumors of war and alarms of various kinds. The Greek girls in the college being Turkish subjects have not been disturbed. The Institution mourns the loss of two of its best and oldest friends the last two months. One is Mrs. E. E. Bliss, who with her husband has been from the beginning a devoted friend and counselor, valued and beloved; the other is Rev. I. F. Pettibone, D.D., who as long as he remained in Constantinople was indefatigable in caring for the buildings and outside interests of the College, as well as doing all in his power to aid in the internal management. Both of these friends were sadly missed when illness laid them aside from active duties, and their loss comes back with fresh sorrow as they are removed entirely from us. The following resolutions were passed by the Trustees of the College:—

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from earth a member of the Advisory Board of the College, Rev. I. F. Pettibone, D.D., therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Trustees of the College, express our appreciation of Dr. Pettibone's invaluable services to the institution, his untiring effort for its best business arrangements, in the care of the erection of its buildings, and his wise counsel in all its affairs.

Resolved, That we express to his family, to the Advisory Board, and the Faculty our sense of loss at his removal from us, and our deep sympathy in their bereavement.

MICRONESIA.—The Morning Star mail brings good news from most of our workers in the islands. Aside from the information given by Mrs. Logan on another page, we hear that Miss Abell and Miss Kinney were obliged by ill health to come to this country for rest. Miss Foss is going from Kusaie to Ruk for the year to assist Mrs. Logan. Miss Palmer and Miss Wilson remain in charge of the girls' school in Kusaie. Mr. and Mrs. Channon and Miss Fletcher have also returned to the United States.

AT HOME.

APPOINTMENTS.—The Woman's Board has recently adopted four missionaries: Miss Mary B. Harding, who is to go to the Marathi Mission, and to her father and mother in the autumn; Miss Jennie Olin, who is to sail from San Francisco the latter part of June, for Kusaie, Micronesia (she is to be accompanied by Miss Beulah Logan, who goes to her mother at Ruk); Mrs. Clara D. Bridgman, for South Africa; Miss Isabel Miller has also been appointed to El Fuerte, in Mexico. Miss Abell from Micronesia, Miss Mary Morrill from China, and Miss Griswold from Japan, have arrived in this country.

EXTRA-CENT-A-DAY ENVELOPES. About fourteen thousand extra-cent-a-day envelopes for the month of May have been circulated, and we are hoping for good returns. In the single branch from which we have had returns, they brought in an increase of twenty per cent over the contributions of last year. In response to a demand for them for other months, we have on hand those which can be used for any month, which we shall be happy to supply wherever they can be used.

Our Work at Home.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Letters from the Scenes of the Recent Massacres in Armenia. By J. Rendel Harris and Helen B. Harris. With map and other illustrations. Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 354. Price, \$1.25.

It is one of the results of the ease and speed of intercommunication between all lands that not only is the missionary and newspaper correspondent to be found at the ends of the earth, but those interested in the progress of Christ's kingdom sometimes go to mission fields at their own charges, and are of great comfort and help to the regular worker in the different stations.

Mr. Harris is a professor in Cambridge University, England, and Mrs. Harris has been indefatigable in her efforts to relieve the Armenians. She is in full co-operation with Lady Henry Somerset in her scheme of placing the orphans, who are the wards of English women connected with the "British Woman's Temperance Society," in permanent homes.

Mr. Gladstone writes an introductory letter, expressing his gratification at the publication of this correspondence, and referring to the importance of wide information on the subject of relief distribution in Armenia, "especially where it can be given at first hand."

The letters were written during the months of March to October, 1896. The journey was made specifically for the purpose of looking up certain Syriac manuscripts in the monasteries and churches of Eastern Turkey and Northern Mesopotamia. While intimate with the American Missionaries, and in cordial sympathy with their work, often taking part in the preaching service, Professor Harris also had especial relations with the foreign consuls, French as well as English, and his testimony, therefore, has a broader outlook than that furnished by the missionaries alone.

In the preface Professor Harris thanks "those friends who have helped us in the prosecution of our journey and in the circulation of the letters, . . . and to the treasurer of the fund, which the Society of Friends opened on our account, and whose sympathetic co-operation has been given to us so freely through the whole of this difficult expedition."

What will be of chief interest to our readers will be the close touch between Professor and Mrs. Harris and our own missionaries. Glancing through the table of contents, one comes upon such subjects as "Robert College," "An American Lady Missionary from the Interior," "American Bravery," "American Civilization in the midst of Turkish Desolation," "Miss Shattuck, the Heroine of Oorfa," "A Morning with Miss Shattuck at Oorfa," "Heroic Band of Missionaries at Harpoot." Indeed, the letters are full of names and places familiar to us, and as the *Independent* says: "We should be glad to see this book in every family, and those who are interested in the situation in Turkey, will be sure to find it of great value."

G. H. C.

SIDE LIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

The magazines are just now especially rich in articles which throw light upon the situations in missionary lands. We call attention to the principal ones.

Fortnightly Review, May: "The Case Against Greece," by Diplomaticus. "A Study in Turkish Reform," by a Turkish Patriot. "Russia on the Bosphorus," by Capt. J. W. Gambler, R. N. "Crete and the Cretans," by Dr. E. J. Dillon.

Atlantic Monthly, June: "Greece and the Eastern Question," by Benj. Ide Wheeler.

Cosmopolitan, June. "Constantinople," illustrated, by Peter MacQueen. "The Turkish Messiah" by I. Zangwill.

Contemporary Review, June: "The King of Siam," by Blanche A. Smith.

A charming bit in regard to Spanish Landscapes may be found in *Lippincott's*, June: "Spanish Plains and Sierras," by Fanny Bullock Workman.

Harper's Monthly, June: "White Man's Africa," Part VIII. "The Dutch Feeling Toward England," by Poultney Bigelow.

M. L. D.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

July.—God's Promise the Foundation of the Missionary Structure. See LIFE AND LIGHT for June.

August.—A Voyage in the Morning Star.

September.—An Hour in the Austrian Field.

October.—The Personal Factor in Mission Work.

A VOYAGE IN THE MORNING STAR.

TOPIC FOR AUGUST.

If the captain of the Morning Star had no chart on board his vessel, the little craft would quickly come to grief; and without a map we would soon become bewildered among the many islands which form the Marshall and Gilbert groups. The LIFE AND LIGHT for July, 1894, is especially valuable, as it contains a good map which can be enlarged, and also pictures of Captain and Mrs. Garland, Miss Wilson, and the Morning Star, as well as an article by Miss Crosby, and the journal of Miss Hoppin. See also in the *Missionary Herald* of August, 1895, "The Twelfth Voyage of the Morning Star."

See as well, articles and journals in the following numbers of LIFE AND LIGHT: June and July, 1893; July and October, 1894; November and December, 1895; and March and April, 1896. In this connection it may be interesting to review the beginnings and progress of the work in Micronesia. For this refer to *Missionary Herald*, December, 1852, March and June, 1853, February, 1854, May, 1859, January, May, July, and August, 1855. Also note the establishment of the school at Kusaie, as given in LIFE AND LIGHT, August, October, and December, 1887, and August, 1888.

Helpful Leaflets are "Mid Coral Isles" (five cents), "The Story of the Morning Stars" (ten cents), Condensed Sketch of the Micronesian Mission (three cents), "The Hiram Bingham," and the Supplementary Lesson Leaflet (one cent).

Copies of LIFE AND LIGHT are five cents each; of *Missionary Herald*, ten cents each.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from April 18, 1897, to May 18, 1897.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Maine Branch.—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Acton, 1.90; Bluehill, 5; Bridgton, 6; Burlington, 1.20; Calais, Aux., 32; Centre Lovell, 1.75; East Orrington, 3; Farmington Falls, Circle, 2.50; Frenchboro, 1.50; Fryeburg, 7.75; Gardiner, Aux., 13; Hallowell, 13.50; Houlton, Jr. C. E. S., 3; Lyman, 1.50; Madison, 9; Minot Center, Mrs. James E. Washburn, 5; Monmouth, 5; Monson, Sunshine Band, 15; North Bridgton, 3.90; Oxford, 1.80; Phippsburg, 1.75; Portland, Bethel Ch., 6; Mrs. Annie Hardy Grover, 3; High St. Ch., Aux., 171.20, Second Parish Ch., Y. L. Aid Soc., 35, S. S., 53.61, State St. Ch., Aux., 13.29; Searsport, 7.61, Second Cong. Ch., 2.10; South Freeport, Aux., 62.50; So. Gardiner, 18; Thomaston, 7.30; Topsham, 3; Vanceboro, 1.50; Wells, 5.85; West Falmouth, Second Ch., 5; Woodfords, 1,

531 01

Total, 531 01

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Amherst, Aux., 23.70; Atkinson, A Daughter of the Covenant, 1; Bedford, Two Friends, 3; Bennington, C. E. S., 5; Brookline, Aux., 9.50; Hillsboro Bridge, Children's Birthday Off., 2.35; Hopkinton, Aux., 10; Manchester, First Ch., Aux., 30, Cradle Roll, 5, Franklin St. Ch., Children, 22, C. E. S., 25, So. Main St. Ch., Miss H. J. Parkhurst, 50; Meredith, Aux., 9; Nelson, Aux., 4.12; Sullivan, East, C. E. S., 8.21; Webster, Alfred Little Gleaners, M. C., 5; West Lebanon, 10.25; Keene, Legacy, Miss Sarah A. Wood, 300,

523 13

Total, 523 13

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. C. H. Stevens, Ass't Treas. Bellows Falls, C. E. S., 5.25; Bennington, Mrs. G. W. Harmon, 5; Brandon, A Friend, 2; Burlington, Aux., 30; Chelsea, Sarah P. Bacon, Benev. Soc., 10; Fairlee, Aux., 17.80, C. E. S., 3; Jeffersonville, Aux., 5; Newport, Aux., 9; Orange Co., 7; Peru, Aux., 5; Randolph Centre, Aux., 7.10, C. E. S., 12.40; St. Johnsbury, North Ch. (of wh. 2 add'l Th. Off.), 21.65, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Shoreham, Mrs. and Miss Tottigham, 5; Strafford, C. E. S., 4.30; Westminster West, to const. L. M. Miss Alma Carpenter, 25,

179 50

Total, 179 50

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. Chas. E. Swett, Treas. Lawrence, Trinity Ch., Lad. Benev. Soc. Miss'y

com., 3.50; Melrose, Aux., 1; Reading, Aux., 30; Wakefield, Mission Workers, 10; Winchester, Aux. (of wh. 25 from Mrs. M. A. Herrick to const. L. M. Mrs. Mary A. Simonds), 63, Open Door M. C., 31 cts.; Woburn, Aux., 259, pledges paid at Children's Festival (of wh. Stoneham Sunshine Circle, 5; Wakefield, Miss. Workers, M. C., 5, C. E. S., 5; Woburn, C. E. S., 5), 20,

386 81

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Chas. E. West, Treas. Adams, Aux., 12; Curtisville, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. S. C. Palmer), 26; Hinsdale, Aux., 17.03; Housatonic, Aux., 12.20; Monterey, Aux., 15; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 4.70; Richmond, 59.50 (also 14 credited by error last month to Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux.), Berkshire Co., Two Friends, 225,

371 43

Boston.—Friends,

1 80

Brockton.—Frank P. Mills,

20 00

Essex North Branch.—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Amesbury, Aux., 6, Union Ch., C. E. S., 3.44; Bradford, Aux., 10, Bee Hive M. C., 5; Georgetown, First Ch., Aux., 27.50; Groveland, Aux., 30; Haverhill, Centre Ch., Aux., C. R., 5, North Ch., Aux., 91.82; Pentucket, M. B., 15, Union Ch. Friends, 1; Ipswich, Aux., 55; Salisbury Point, Aux., 12.50; South Byfield, Aux., 30; West Boxford, Aux., 44.50; West Newbury, First Ch., Aux., 15, Second Ch., Aux., 12.85; West Haverhill, Aux., 28.63,

393 24

Essex South Branch.—Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Gloucester, Aux., 39; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., C. E. S., 8.68,

47 68

Franklin Co. Branch.—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. Buckland, Aux., 10; Deerfield, Aux., 10; East Charlemont, River Side M. B., 3.75; Hunting Hills, Aux., 6.10; Greenfield, Aux., 7.60; Northfield, Aux., 5; Orange, Aux., 88.11; Shelburne, Aux., 23.36, Jr. C. E. S., 4; Shelburne Falls, Aux., 51, Jr. Aux., 20, S. S. Prim. Class, 2.75; So. Deerfield, Aux., 6.87, Happy Workers, M. C., 5; Sunderland, Aux., 12.50; Whately, Aux., 17.95 (of wh. 25 by the Branch to const. L. M. Mrs. J. A. Goodrich),

273 99

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Easthampton, Emily M. C. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Miss Grace E. Walker), 30; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 80.48, S. S. Prim. Class, 10, First Ch., Aux., 200; South Amherst, Aux., 26; So. Hadley, Mt. Holyoke coll., Faculty and Students (of wh. 13.85 from the M. H. M. A.), 183.85,

530 33

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Framingham, Aux. (of wh. 100 to const. L. M's Miss Augusta Barber, Mrs. L. F. Childs, Miss Myra Davis, Mrs. L. M. Marston), 158.26, Silver Key Soc., 15; Natick, C. E. S., 11; Wellesley, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 30,

214 26

Nantucket.—No. Cong. Ch. (of wh. C. E. S., 5),

20 00

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Egypt, Miss Lucy

Esther Swift, 3.50; Milton, First Ch., C. E. S., 10, Unquity Band, 20; Stoughton, Aux., 5; Weymouth Heights, Aux., 30,

No. Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Treas. Littleton, United Workers,

Springfield Branch.—Miss Harriet T. Buckingham, Treas. Indian Orchard, Willing Helpers, M. C., 10, C. E. S., 5; Mittineague, The Gleaners, M. C., 20; So. Hadley Falls, Aux., 9.91; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux., 65.25, Cradle Roll, 19, Olivet Ch., Aux., 53,

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Friends, 3.25; Arlington, Aux., 25; Boston, A Friend, 1.32, Hope Chapel, 2.50, S. S., 15; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 45, Old South Ch., Aux., 167, Friends, 46, Park St. Ch., Aux., with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. H. Ashley, Miss H. L. Chandler, Mrs. I. W. Gibson, Miss H. R. Godfrey, Mrs. C. A. Harrington, Mrs. E. F. Ingalls, Miss H. N. Lincoln, Mrs. C. C. Litchfield, Mrs. S. B. G. Paul, Mrs. T. W. Pratt, Mrs. R. A. Washburn, Mrs. L. T. Wyman, 69.25, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 59.50; Brighton, Endeavor M. C., 1, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 25; Cambridge, First Ch., Captains of Ten, 5; Charlestown, Winthrop Ch., C. E. S., 10; Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux. (of wh. 5 add'l Th. Off.), 89.38, Village Ch., C. E. S., 10, Hyde Park, Wm. Christy Perry, 30, Jr. Aux., 8.10; Legacy of Mrs. Caroline E. Mowry, by Wm. A. Mowry, exr., to const. L. M. Mrs. Ruth E. Brown; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., C. E. S., 10, Central Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 60; Neponset, Trin. Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 5; Newton, Miss J. A. Worcester, 1, Eliot Ch., Aux., 185.50, S. S. Prim. Dept., by Helpers M. C., 7; Newton Centre, Miss H. S. P. Walley, 5; Newton Highlands, Aux., 24.38; Norwood, Aux., 20; Roslindale, Aux., 27.89; Roxbury, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 11.65, Helping Hands M. C., 15; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux., with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Hannah Aldrich, Mrs. James M. Gould, Mrs. Anna H. Hunkins, Mrs. Francis Thornton. Pledges paid at Children's Festival (of wh. Auburndale, Jr. C. E. S., 10; Boston, Two Children, .03, Shawmut Ch., Little Helpers, 5, Union Ch., S. S., John Noyes Colby, 1; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Abby M. Colby Miss. Club, 5; Charlestown, Winthrop Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 5; Dorchester, Central Ch., Heart and Hand M. C., 5, Harvard Ch., S. S., 5; Medford, Mystic Side Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 5; Roslindale, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Earnest Workers M. C., 10, Winter Hill Ch., Youthful Helpers M. C., 5; So. Boston, Phillips Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 5; West Roxbury, Helping Hands M. C., 5, 71.03,

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Minnie D. Tucker, Treas. Clinton, Aux., 20; Hubbardston, Misses M. J. and S. A. H., 2; Leicester, C. E. S., 5; Millbury, First Cong. Ch. S. S., Prim. Dept., 3; Warren, Aux., 10; Webster, Jr. C. E. S., 3; Whitinsville, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 18; Worcester, Hope Ch., S. S., Prim. Dept., 11, Old So., Aux., 15, C. E.

S., 15.19, Piedmont Ch., Aux., 75, Pilgrim Ch., C. E. S., 12; Upton, Aux., 9,

68 50

Total, 3,775 14

6 00

LEGACIES.

Hyde Park.—Legacy of Mrs. Caroline E. Mowry, Wm. A. Mowry, exr., 50 00
Boston.—Legacy of Mrs. Sarah B. Hyde, Andreas Blume, Jas. M. Lincoln, Benj. E. Bates, exrs., 2,000 00
Boston.—Legacy of James S. Stone, Albert and Edwin P. Stone, exrs., 500 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch.—Mrs. G. E. Luther, Treas. Central Falls, Aux., 30.82, Y. L. M. C., 30; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Beneficent Daughters, 40, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 53, Cradle Roll, 18.90, Little Pilgrims, 30, Little Pilgrims, Naval Dept., 7.83, Premium upon coins, 45 cts.,

211 00

Total, 211 00

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Conn. Branch.—Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Central Village, Aux., 6; Greenville, Aux., 42.05; Lebanon, Aux., 18; New London, Second Ch., Y. L. Guild, 10; Norwich, Broadway Ch., Pansy M. C., 2, Sunshine M. C., 2, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 75 to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Frank S. Avery, Mrs. N. D. Robinson, Mrs. Arthur Thurston), 90.95, Y. L. Aux., 15, Park Ch., Aux., 97.47, Second Ch., Aux., 10; Plainfield, Aux., 21.14; Pomfret, Aux., 10; Stonington, First Ch., Aux., 9.15; Taftville, 13.82; Waukegan, Busy Bees M. C., 8.75,

356 33

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. A Friend, through Collinsville Aux., 35; Ellington, Aux., 18; Hartford, First Ch., Aux., 1, Pearl St. Ch., Cradle Roll, 25; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 46.23; Plainville, Aux. (of wh. 25 by Mrs. L. F. Buell to const. L. M. Miss Lizzie G. Hart), 103; Rockville, C. E. S., 10; Suffield, Y. L. Miss. Soc., 12.50; Wapping, A Friend, 2; West Hartford, Cradle Roll, 8.50,

261 23

New Haven Branch.—Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Adana, Aux., 8.20; Ansonia, Hopeful M. B., 30; Bridgeport, Fullerton Mem. Circle, to const. L. M.'s Misses Alice B. Hall, Lucy Belle Hinkley, Ada Woodruff, 75; West End, Aux., 15; Brookfield, S. S., 7.50; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., C. E. S., 15; Centerbrook, Aux., 12.80; Chester, Aux., 47.05; Clinton, Aux., 5; Cromwell, Aux., 2.93, Y. L. Aux., 27.30; Darien, E. W., 17; Deep River, Aux., 3; Derby, First Ch., Aux., 36.75, Second Ch., Aux., 17.50; Durham, Aux., with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Fred P. Hubbard, 23; East Haddam, Aux., 7; East Hampton, Aux., 49.10, Friends, 8; Ellsworth, Aux., 16.75; Essex, Aux., 5, Miss. Workers, 10, C. E. S., 2, A Friend, 5; Goshen, Aux., 22, S. S., 1; Guilford, Third Ch., Aux., 18, Haddam, Aux., 11.50; Higganum, Aux., 88.70; Ivoryton, C. E. S., 25; Kent, Y. L. Aux., 10; Busy Bees M. C., 5; Killing-

1,060 75

worth, Aux., 5.75; Maromas, S. S., 1; Meriden, First Ch., M. Cadets, 15, Cradle Roll, 25, Centre Ch., Aux. (of wh. 50 to const. L. M's Mrs. Geo. M. Chittenden, Miss Carrie Roberts), 66; Middlebury, Aux., 25, Willing Minds M. C., 10; Middlefield, C. E. S., 4.89, Friends, 7; Middle Haddam and Cobalt, Aux., 12; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 32.97, Gleaners M. C., 5, Cradle Roll, 13.34, C. E. S., 10, South Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Jessie A. Starkey, 30; Milford, First Ch., Aux., 2; Millington, Aux., 2; Milton, Aux., 18; Monroe, Aux., 15; Mount Carmel, Aux., 50; New Haven, Centre Ch., Y. L. Aux., 180, Ch. of the Redeemer, Aux., 153.50, Busy Bees M. C., 30, S. S., 5, Welcome Hall, L. B., 5, Davenport Ch., Aux., 40, C. E. S., 25, Dwight Pl. Ch., Aux. (of wh. 100 to const. L. M's Mrs. John W. Beach, Mrs. Nathan S. Bronson, Miss Eliza H. Daggett, Mrs. Henry Gladding), 112.35, English Hall, Aux., 5, Cradle Roll, 2, Grand Ave. Ch., Little Workers M. C., 20, The Helpers M. C., 17.50, Self-Denials M. C., 35, C. E. S., 12.75, Humphrey St. Ch., Aux., 68, Y. L. Aux., 30, S. S., 1.60; New Lebanon, Mission S. S., 9; New Preston, Aux., 47; North Madison, Aux., 12.80; No. Stamford, Aux., 9; Norwalk, Aux., with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. Frederick Belden, Miss S. B. Miller, Mrs. G. B. St. John, 65, S. S. Circles, to const. L. M. Miss Minnie Wixon, 25, D. K., 15; Portland, Aux., 35, Work and Win M. C., 5; Prospect, Gleaners M. C., 4; Ridgefield, Aux., 33.50; Roxbury, Mayflower M. C., 7.33; Saybrook, Aux., 5; Sharon, Aux., 54.25; South Britain, Aux., 16, C. E. S., 5; Southbury, Aux., 15; So. Norwalk, Aux., 100; Thomaston, Aux., 30.50; Torrington, Highland Workers M. C., 17; Trumbull, Y. L. Aux., to const. L. M. Miss Nellie Bridsmade, 25; Washington, Aux., 26, C. E. S., 15; Waterbury, Second Ch., Aux., 2.78; Watertown, Aux., 53; Westchester, Aux., 4; West Haven, Aux. (of wh. 50 to const. L. M's Mrs. Norman J. Squires, Miss Stella Wagner), 66, Y. L. Aux., 17.75; Whitneyville, S. S., 8; Wilton, Aux., 68; Winsted, Y. L. Fund, 8.95; Woodbury, Mrs. M. H. Perkins, 10, Valley Gleaners M. C., 15,

2,549 59
Total, 3,167 15

NEW YORK.

New York State Branch.—Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Treas. Albany, First Ch., Aux., 14; Antwerp, C. E. S., 13.07; Baiting Hollow, Aux., 2; Berkshire, Aux., 21.02; Binghamton, Mrs. Edward Taylor, 10, First Ch., Juniors, 2.50, Plymouth Ch., Home Miss'y Soc., 5; Bridgewater, Aux., 10.58, C. E. S., 10; Brooklyn, Central Ch., Aux., 262, East Ch., Aux., 10, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 58.19, Evangel Circle, 7, Earnest Workers M. C., 113, New England Ch., Aux., 10, Park Ch., C. E. S., 5.75, Plymouth Ch., H. W. Beecher Band, 18.75, Puritan Ch., Aux., 15, Miss. Band, 25, Rochester Ave. Ch., Jr. C. E. S.,

2, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 50, King's Daughters, 15; Buffalo, Mrs. W. G., to const. L. M. Mrs. Grace S. Sheldon, 25, First Ch., Mrs. Haines's S. S. Class, 5, Peoples' Ch., Aux., 45; Candor, Y. L. Guild, 25; Crown Point, Aux., 19.50; Deansboro, Aux., 1.25; East Bloomfield, Aux., 15.50; East Smithfield, Aux., 6.25; Elmira, Park Ch., Aux., 50; Flushing, C. E. S., 12; Gaines, Aux., 8; Gloversville, Aux., 73.25, Jr. C. E. S., 2.50, Blue Bell M. B., 10; Henrietta, Aux., 10; Honeoye, Aux., 13; Hudson River Assoc., 5; Le Raysville, Aux., 20; Madrid, Aux., 5; Massena, Miss'y Soc., 8.47; Millville, Aux., 4.25; Middletown, C. E. S., 5; Newark Valley, Aux., 40, S. S. Class, 5.56; Newburgh, 10; New Haven, Aux., 9.60, C. E. S., 4.60, Willing Workers M. C., 15; New York, Mrs. G. B. Talbert, 3, Niagara Falls, Aux., with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. E. J. Klock, Mrs. John Prime, 34; Norwich, Aux., 12.50; Norwood, Aux., 14.53; Olean, Aux., 5; Oswego, Aux., 7, Owego, C. E. S.; Patchogue, Aux., 34; Portland, C. E. S., 1; Poughkeepsie, Aux. (of wh. 50 to const. L. M's Mrs. Mary J. Hannah, Mrs. Fannie McWhinnie, 67.33, Jr. C. E. S., 2.50; Pnaski, Jr. C. E. S., 1; Randolph, Aux., 13; Riverhead, Aux., 25, Mrs. J. H. Tuthill, 25, C. E. S., 12; Sandy Creek, Aux., 12.50; Seneca Falls, by Mrs. S. E. Knight, to const. herself L. M.; Sidney, S. S., 9.17; Summer Hill, Aux., with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. Mary E. Hiuman, Mrs. Jennie Webster, 25; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., Lad. Un., 12; Geddes, Ch. Aux., 30.37, Plymouth Ch., Wom. Guild, 40; Utica, Bethesda Ch., Aux., 10; Warsaw, Aux., 10.50, C. E. S., 10; Washington Mills, Ch., 3; West. N. Y. Assoc., 5; West Groton (Aux., 20, C. E. S., 10, Penny Gatherers M. C., 4.50, of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. John G. Cobb), 34.50; Woodhaven, C. E. S., 10; Oneida, C. and D. Assoc., 9.66,

1,672 15
Total, 1,672 15

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C., Washington, Y. L. M. C. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Miss Florence Heard), 125; Md., Baltimore, Miss Sarah C. Sadtler, 5; N. J., Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., M. B., 25; Passaic, Aux., 15; Plainfield, Aux., 10; Westfield, S. S., Easter Off., 28.41,

208 41
Total, 208 41

CANADA.

C. C. W. B. M., 395 84
Total, 395 84
General Funds, 10,216 83
Gifts for Special Objects, 446 50
Variety Account, 21 66
Legacies, 2,550 00
Total, \$13,234 99



Board of the Pacific



MICRONESIA.

A TRIP TO THE GILBERT ISLANDS.

BY LOUISE E. WILSON.

KUSAIE, CAROLINE ISLANDS, Jan. 28, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have spent fifty-two days on the Morning Star, and all that time I was not able to hold my head up long enough to write and finish even one letter. After the first day I managed to sit up to go to the table for my meals and stay up on deck for an hour or so in the evenings. I told my girls it looked as though they had taken the trip to take care of me, instead of my going to take care of them. They were just as nice as could be. A more willing set of girls I never knew. It was such a privilege to do anything they could. I very often heard a voice by my bedside, "Does your body ache very much?" "Don't you want me to rub you?"

We left Kusaie for Gilbert Islands, Dec. 3, 1896, and were sixteen days getting to Butaritari, our first stopping place. (They were only seven days going there two years ago.)

We started under rather unfavorable circumstances. The first engineer was taken very sick while they were in the Marshall group; so he was unable to go with us, and was left here in Dr. Rife's care. That left us with only one man to run the engine, so it was understood they could not steam only when it was absolutely necessary. We had miserable weather all the way to Butaritari. Rain! rain! rain! Some very heavy squalls, it seemed almost as if the poor old ship would upset us in the middle of the ocean several times. We found things in rather a discouraging condition at Butaritari. Mr. Mitchell (a colored man), sent out by the Hawaiian Board, reported

that his wife was very sick, and they would have to return home on this Star. They have only been here a year and a half, and appear to be such good people that we regret very much that they must leave this work. As some of you know, Mr. Channon and his family go home for a vacation this year, and Mr. Walkup also leaves the Gilbert Islands to take charge of the Training School here at Kusaie during Mr. Channon's absence.

The work at Butaritari was left in charge of two young men sent out by the Peniel Mission. The old king does not seem living the Christian life that he used to live. They say "he smokes to keep himself from getting sick." He was away at another village when we were there, but evidently did not care to see us, as he did not come near the ship. The people also seemed cold and indifferent.

The Roman Catholics have sisters there now, and are getting quite a hold on the people. How long it will last remains to be seen.

I thought the people in all the islands looked more heathenish than they did two years ago. It may be accounted for in this way: some of the traders run the people in debt to such a large sum that all the people have been taxed to pay these debts, and are not allowed to buy anything with coconuts, until these men receive what is due them. Coconuts are as good as money in this part of the world. It is really about all they have to buy with. So some people who would wear clothes if they had them cannot get them; and when they do they only get six yards of calico for a dollar, and it is so thin it seemed as though one of the girls came near the truth when she said, "It goes to pieces after it has been worn a week."

I am thankful to say we had no thrilling adventures on this trip. All the girls we wanted to bring back we had no difficulty in keeping. It was thought they intended to keep Unana, one of our little girls, but they could not manage it by trickery, so did not try to take her by force. Teria, the girl they held last time, remained on the ship, and did not go ashore on her home island. Her parents came out to the ship to visit her, but did not ask to have her go away with them. They probably thought it was useless. One of the girls remarked, "I think the Gilbert Island people are beginning to be a little wiser than they were." I don't see how they can help but see their children are so much better off to be in school.

I was very much pleased to see the progress made in the work at Apaiau, Apamama, and Nonouti. The faces looked so much more intelligent than they did the first time I saw them; and the singing—why, I never heard such a change in voices as there was this year in the scholars of other schools where some of our last teachers had taught. It was better than I ever expected to hear in the Gilbert Islands. Two years ago it was hard work to

make out what they were trying to sing. There were a number of bright-looking girls that wanted to come to Kusaie, but they had to be told they would have to wait, as the school was full.

I left two girls that were not suitable for teachers' wives and brought back Eritabeta, who was sent home last year on account of sickness, and a girl named Rate from Tapiteneia, to fill their places.

At present we have forty-five girls under our charge. They succeeded this year in landing a teacher and his wife at the king's village, at Apemama. You have probably heard something of the old king's doings in days that are past; how he had thirty-three wives, and no less than twenty-five skulls of people he had killed hung around the walls of a large council house. After his death his young nephew was put on the throne. He, for several years past, has refused to allow a teacher to land; but we understand the English Commissioner told him he must have schools, and if he did not mind him he would carry him off to the Fiji Islands. Still, it was left to him to say who the teacher should be, and one of our Christian teachers could not have been left unless he agreed to it. Some of the king's relatives wanted one left very much, so they advised Mr. Walkup and Mr. Channon to send in a boat from the ship and have him go out to them, instead of their going in to him. Then they could see him alone, without a lot of heathen old men standing by and telling him what he should do and what he should not do. To their surprise he returned in the ship's boat. They took him down in the cabin and had their talk with him, and got him to consent to all they wanted.

Some one said he remarked in the boat before he got in the ship, that he has listened to his old men advisers long enough, and now he wanted a teacher, and was going to have one. The old men made their appearance in the king's boat a short time after, and judging from their looks they were anything but pleased with the turn affairs had taken. Taio was left as teacher. Teu Bauro is rather a young man to be king. He is only thirteen years old, but has the appearance of being sixteen or seventeen. He had his curly hair falling down to his shoulders. Apemama is the place for long-haired men, but they have had orders from the commissioner to cut it off. They may have to be punished a few times before they realize they have to obey.

Timorara, the teacher left in another part of the country two years ago, has been doing excellent work, but I was shocked at something his wife told me. She said that out of all the young men and girls, she did not believe there were any who had not been married heathen fashion when little children. Such marriages as these, made by their parents or relatives, are

more often than not broken up sooner or later, and then they are looked on as boys and girls again. "Now," she said, "will it be right to train them with the belief they can go to Kusaie and become teachers, sometime?"

It was a hard question to answer, and we did not come to a very satisfactory conclusion; but one thing we decided, that they were more sinned against than sinning. I believe in God's sight they were guiltless, and those marriages were no marriages at all.

Heathenism! heathenism! What a dreadful thing it is! There was one married couple sent out from Mr. Channon's school this year. They were left at Marakei. I always feel so sorry for a teacher going out for the first time. It seems so sad to leave them among strangers.

Mr. Walkup has brought back five couple and two that belong to the school. One young man was left to help with the teaching without a wife. He sent me a note asking for a girl, just as we got in sight of the island, where he was going to be left. I told him it was too late,—that I could not think of asking her to marry him on that short notice; if he had had courage to ask for her a few short months before, I would have done what I could for him.

Sometimes I think the work is in better condition, and, again, I think it is not. They ordained another man this year. This makes three Gilbert Islanders that are ministers now. As the teachers increase in numbers I think the work will improve.

Almost all on the ship were sick with the influenza the last twenty-three days of our trip. We got home to find that they have all been afflicted in the same way. They had it very badly all through the islands. They report that it has been raining there nearly all the year. Such an unusual thing for the Gilbert Islands!

POETIC IDEAS IN AFRICA.

AFRICANS have some very striking expressions showing that they are full of poetic ideas. The Moongues call thunder the "sky's gun," and the morning with them is "the day's child." The Zulus call the twilight "the eyelashes of the sun." An African who came to America was shown some ice which he had not seen before and he called it "water fast asleep." When asked to give a name to a railroad car he said, "Him be one thunder mill." Khama called the railroad tracks "the trail of the locomotive."—*Ex.*



Board of the Interior



TO OUR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR :—

We send greetings to all Christian Endeavorers in the words of Moses: "The Lord your God hath multiplied you, and, behold, ye are this day as the stars of heaven for multitude. The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are, and bless you!" Deut. i. 10, 11.

The missionaries committed by the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior to Christian Endeavorers are as follows (we regret that we cannot give the picture of each) :—

Kansas, salary	MISS LOUISE B. FAY	West Central Africa.
Minnesota, salary	MISS M. E. MOULTON	Ahmednagar, India.
Wisconsin, salary	MRS. NIEBERG GODDARD, M.D.	Foochow, China.
Michigan, salary	MISS MEDA HESS	Marash, Turkey.
Iowa, salary	MISS H. B. WILLIAMS	Kalgan, China.
Iowa College, salary	MISS MARY E. BREWER	Sivas, Turkey.
Ohio, salary	MISS GERTRUDE COZAD	Kobe, Japan.
Illinois, salary	MISS E. PAULINE SWARTZ	Niigata, Japan.
Chicago {	ADANA SEMINARY	Adana, Turkey.
Ass'n. { Warren Ave. Ch.	MISS AGNES E. SWENSON	Hadjin, Turkey.
Mo., Neb., Col., N. Dak.,		
S. Dak. and Ind., salary,	MRS. L. T. SEELYE	Constantinople, Turkey.



MISS GERTRUDE COZAD,
Christian Endeavorers' Missionary in Japan.



MRS. LAURA TUCKER SEELYE,
Christian Endeavorers' Missionary in Turkey.



ADANA SEMINARY, ADANA, TURKEY,
Supported by Christian Endeavorers of Chicago Association, Ill.

CHINA.

THE BLIND WOMAN'S CONTRIBUTION.

BY MISS MARY H. PORTER.

MRS. LI, of Ma Chuang, is a fresh faced, although toothless, old lady. There is a trace of color in her cheeks, and but for her restless, sightless eyes, she would be a comely Chinese woman. She is very, very poor, and alone in the world,—husband, children, and near relatives all gone.

While she could see a little she spun thread, which she sold at the fairs, and made enough to live upon in the humblest way; but now she is almost totally blind, her hands growing stiff with age, so thread of her weaving is knotty and uneven, and but for the compassion of her foreign friends, she would hardly find a purchaser. One of them takes it from her, and it is woven into coarse cloth which answers many purposes about the house or dispensary. The year of the flood she was still selling at the fairs, but cotton (which she had to buy) was so high that what she made was the merest pittance.

One day at a meeting in a neighboring village, the missionary leader of the little circle noticed her haggard and weary air, and inquired how she was. Her usually cheerful face broke into a pitiful quiver as she said, with a sob: "Oh, my mouth is so sore! I have had nothing to eat but red *kao lang* (a grain much like sorghum seed), with the chaff ground in, for so long! And my mouth is raw, so that I can hardly swallow."

Just think of it, dear sisters, you who prepare delicate dishes with dainty care for the aged,—this toothless old woman keeping herself from actual starvation only by eating the harsh cakes which lacerated her mouth before they became soft enough to swallow! Tears came into other eyes than her own as the story was told, and food of more suitable quality was sent her the next day from the home of her teacher, with a little money for fuel.

The help came too late to enable her to resist the malarial fever, which attacked so many in their damp houses; but as the rains had rendered the roads almost impassable, it was weeks before we heard from her again. Then word came that she was having chills every day, and although it was summer, was "so cold," one thin quilt being all the bedding she had. Cloth was procured, and two women set at work with directions to make a very warm comfortable, with half as much again of the usual amount of cotton. It looked as if it might keep her warm when it was finished,—soft, thick, with outside of strong checked blue and white, and lining of pale blue cotton. A man, mounted on a mule so that he could ride across roads which were running streams, was dispatched to carry it, and came back

with the report that Mrs. Li was seriously ill, but sure that she should get well at once, now that she could keep warm. It was long before the waters subsided, and months before,—one autumn day,—the old lady appeared at our door to assure us that she was quite well, and express her thanks to her friends.



MRS. LI.

“Oh!” she said, “that is the nicest comfortable I ever saw. I never in my life had one so warm, and no one I know has one so soft and thick, all of new cotton! I did not have a single chill after it came, and each day was stronger than the one before, until I was able to be about again. When

I woke at night, instead of shivering and crying, I patted my soft coverlid and thought how good God is to me; and then I snuggled down and went to sleep. And in the morning, instead of being all trembly and wretched, I thought, 'God remembers me; there are friends who love me,' and so I got up and began the day."

When she came the next time she brought her little bamboo ticket with her contribution to the church for the year,—a hundred and fifty cash. One of the ladies exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Li! How did you get anything to give this year when you have been sick so much, and food is so dear?"

The old lady hesitated, laughed, and then said, "I did not mean to tell anyone how I got the money, but since you have asked me you shall hear. You know my new comfortable. Well, it is so thick and warm! I couldn't get money to buy cotton but I thought I could spare some from that, so I took some out of the corners—a little handful here and another there—and that I spun into thread and sold. I did so hope to get two hundred cash to bring, but they would only give me one hundred and fifty."

The little string of cash was added to many similar gifts already in the treasury, and Mrs. Li went home leaning on her staff, her heart warmed by its freewill offering, as her poor body had been by the unwonted luxury of adequate covering, and one can but believe that the comfortable felt warmer as she drew it around her that night than before she had thinned out its corners.

One winter day a little later, when she came for another call, the pastor said, "I want to take your picture." The old lady was excited and pleased beyond measure. "I have heard," she said, "of those wonderful shadow pictures, and I stood once in a group, but now they want mine all alone! I am so happy I am all in a tremble."

Delighted as a child, she took her place on a fur rug laid down for her under the trees just in front of our house, and the photograph, which I inclose, was taken. The little headdress of black cloth and the wadded boots over her small shoes are part of the ordinary winter dress of elderly women in this region; and Mrs. Li's boots are white, because she was in mourning for some relative.

The old lady is very fond of singing, and if herself asked to select a hymn is apt to choose, "There's a land that is fairer than day," reminding us as she does so that it is to be sung at her funeral, and begging us not to forget it whenever the time comes. She is a woman of strong feeling, easily moved, and so is often tempted to hasty action and angry speech; but in her poverty and burden bearing she has learned something of the power of the Saviour to restrain and uplift, and we believe is walking—though with halt-

ing and uncertain steps—in the way which leads to the city of God, where her sightless eyes will be opened and her impulses of love (groping and fitful here) grow strong and pure. Then words, now very often on her lips, will have new meaning, “How good God has been to me!”

TURKEY.

A YEAR IN MARSOVAN.

BY MISS FRANCES C. GAGE.

(Prepared for the Annual Meeting of the Minnesota Branch.)

MARSOVAN, TURKEY, March 22, 1897.

A YEAR ago to-day we were just drawing our breath after the sob with which we had laid away, to wait the coming of the Lord, the loved, familiar face of our oldest associate, Mr. Smith, and were trying to think of the gladness of his welcome by the Saviour, and of his and Miss King's united joy in the “mansions prepared,” instead of the empty places in our hearts and homes.

Work was full and pressing all those last months of the year, and we were most thankful for it. We could see our girls growing better and felt that whether it was a part of the *un*-understandable “why” or not, God was making the sorrows of the year a blessing to us all.

July came and we graduated a class of six girls, among whom was our first Greek. All those girls but one are doing good work as teachers now, and that one is keeping house for her father,—her mother having died recently.

Then we sent our girls away, many of them to widowed mothers and comfortless homes, and all to an atmosphere of dread and fear, as opposite as could well be imagined to the comparative safety and peace in which they had been living. We could only commit to them to give to others the gospel of peace and trust we had been trying to teach them all the year, and pray for them with more of agony in our hearts than we had felt for any of our own sorrows, that God would spare their lives and protect their honor.

The summer over, we (Miss Willard and I),—for we forgot to say good-by up in the mountains, God having made it plain to her that she could come back to us,—started back to Marsovan.

Our schools opened most promisingly. In our school we have the largest attendance we have ever regularly had—122, of whom 65 are boarders, and 22 Greeks! This growth in the Greek work is a great joy to us, and is probably due in no small degree to our first Greek graduate.

These six months have been all good. The spirit of the school has been increasingly good. We have felt the Holy Spirit's presence with blessing. Three of our girls have joined the church, and several more will at the next communion, while many others have had a spiritual awakening they will not soon forget. Satan also has been anxious to make the most of his opportunities, and has had enough success to show us what we came to Turkey for.

Each Sunday thirty-four of our girls go out into the city for neighborhood Sunday-school work. They have about twelve pupils apiece, making a total of about five hundred Greeks and Armenians from the old (non-Protestant) churches reached by the word of God; and how good it is for our girls! During the summer vacation fifteen of our girls had Sunday schools in their own homes, and so reached about three hundred women and children.

I am sitting in our schoolroom to-night while the girls have their study hour. I should be proud to show you these quiet, well-behaved, studious girls. To four of them I have just told the news of massacre in their towns. They have received telegrams, saying that their parents are alive, but know nothing more. They are trying to study quietly and show that they trust God for the things they don't know about; but it isn't easy. Can you? I put the question to myself as one girl added, in promising to try to be quiet and trustful, "But do you think my people are in the streets—Turkish streets—to-night?"

March 24th.—To-day has been a day of great fear here, and the rumors and stories are not reassuring; yet we know nothing and expect nothing. Of course our girls have known nothing about it, and all work has gone on as usual.

I cannot end my letter with quite such a massacre echo as that, but would instead praise God with all my heart for the peace, inward and outward, of the year; the fullness of the work he has given us; and especially for the strong, true friend he has given me as a companion. I would like to say more, but she would not like to have me, and besides it is something like a holy gift to me and I can't talk about it. Your prayers are our strength.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 10 TO MAY 10, 1897.

ILLINOIS	754 18
INDIANA	165 82
IOWA	339 71
KANSAS	48 85
MICHIGAN	270 43
MINNESOTA	312 19
MISSOURI	200 79
OHIO	808 70
ROCKY MOUNTAIN	118 47
SOUTH DAKOTA	51 55
WISCONSIN	226 00
MISCELLANEOUS	33 01
Receipts for the month	3,329 70
Previously acknowledged	22,301 99
Total since Oct. 21, 1896	\$25,631 69

ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.	
Received this month	72 14
Already forwarded	365 59
Whole amount for Armenian Relief since Oct. 21, 1896	437 73
INDIA FAMINE RELIEF.	
Received this month	46 46
Already reported	37 75
Total for India Famine Relief	\$84 21

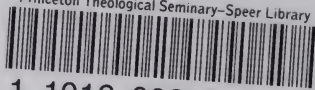
MRS. ALFRED B. WILLCOX, Ass't Treas.

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Life and Light for Woman

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